A FIGHTING FAMILY

By OSCAR COX

Warringham was a wealthy young man with nothing to do to kill time. There was nothing but war talk in the city, and it tired him. It was springtime and every one was going into gardening. Though it did not make any difference to him whether he paid 5 or 50 cents for a cabbage, he concluded to go in for gardening too. Looking over a catalogue of farms for sale and finding one that seemed about right, he took a train to go and inspect the premises.

When he alighted at the station and went out on to the street he saw a girl sitting in an auto. She wore an alpine hat with a feather in it and a tiny American flag on her corsage.

"Can you tell me," he said to her, handing her the ad., "where I can find that?"

She took the slip, glanced at it and said: "That's the Erskine property. I'm going there in a few minutes and will take you with me in my machine if you like."

Warringham accepted the offer, and after every one who had come in on the train had passed out the girl remarked that she reckoned "she hadn't come on that train" and turned her car away from the station.

"Who did you say owned this property?" asked Warringham.

"It belongs to Major Erskine."

"What's he major of?"

"The Pittsford battalion."

"Everybody here is preparing for war, then?"

"Yes, everybody that has any spunk. There are a few slackers among the men."

"When is a man to be considered a slacker?"

"When he's young, ablebodied and don't go to the war."

Warringham winced. The cap fitted him exactly. He noticed that the girl wore leggings, which were plainly visible beneath her short skirt.

"It seems to me," he said, "that you are got up in a soldierly fashion. I reckon you're not a slacker."

"You bet."

"What are you going to do to help the cause—fight?"

"I don't know. I'm going to do something. You see, I'm the granddaughter of a Union soldier in the big war fifty years ago and the granddaughter of a Confederate soldier. So, you see, it won't do for me to shirk."

"Did you have any more grandfathers in the Cuban fracas?"

"No. You don't suppose I could have more than two grandfathers, do you? But my father and four uncles were in that diminutive fight."

"Women are not now what they were in your grandmothers' time. Then they were feminine."

"My Confederate grandmother wasn't a coward. She drove some Federal soldiers out of her potato patch with a gun."

"How about your Union grandmother?"

"She stood off a mob in the draft riots."

"You do come of a fighting family, don't you? Do you think you could stand up to be shot at without showing the white feather?"

"I don't know. I reckon it would depend on how mad I got. Both my grandfathers agreed that when they first went in to fight they 'heaved Jonah,' but when they got mad they weren't scared a bit."

"On that ground they should make soldiers of women. My experience with your sex is that when a woman is mad she's mad from the crown of her head to the tip of her big toe."

By this time the girl was turning in to grounds with a house and a big pole from which floated the Stars and Stripes. Women in feminine uniform were walking about, and before the house paced a sentinel.

"What's this?" asked Warringham.

"The barracks of the Pittsford battalion."

She drove up to the house and alighted, while the sentinel faced and brought his musket to a "present." A young woman came out of the house with a lieutenant's straps on her shoulders and asked:

"Where's the recruit you were to bring, major?"

"She didn't come. I reckon she's going to turn out a slacker."

"Are you Major Erskine?" asked Warringham.

"Yes, at your service. Do you want to buy my little farm? I've no use for it this year. I'm preparing a battalion for active service."

"No," replied Warringham, "I don't think I do. Your two grandfathers who fought in the war between the states, your two manly grandmothers, your father and four uncles who fought in Cuba, have produced that in you which merits emulation. I don't see why I, a man, should be raising cabbages while you, a woman, are preparing for war. I'm going back home and pack my grip for Plattsburg or some other training camp and leave the cabbages to the superannuated men and boys."

"Now you talk like a jim dandy."

"But there's one thing I want you to promise me."

"What's that?"

"Promise me, major, that if I come back from the war alive you'll marry me."

"Well, seeing there's only one chance in three of your coming back alive, I'll do it. Put it there!"

She gave him her hand, he became an officer in the army, and others raised the cabbages.

In War as in Peace.

"The price of everything has gone up."

"No; talk is cheap as ever."—Boston Transcript.

Managerial Foresight.

"And the audience, my boy, were glued to their seats," said the delighted actor.

"That certainly was a neat way of keeping them there," said the critic.—Chicago Herald.

REPORT ON COLORED SCHOOLS.

There is Pressing Need for Increased Facilities in the South.

With national unity and solidarity the problem of the hour, special interest attaches to the comprehensive report on negro education, just issued by the department of the interior through the bureau of education. In this report the economic and educational problems of the ten million negroes in the United States are presented as a background for a detailed study of more than seven hundred colored schools, and the problem of education for the negroes is shown as affecting the entire country, north and south.

The report on negro education was prepared after four years of first hand study, made by Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, and a corps of assistants in various fields of education, working under the direction of Dr. P. P. Claxton, U. S. commissioner of education. The study was made possible through the co-operation of the Phelps-Stokes fund, of New York, with the bureau of education.

The first volume of the report discusses features of a general educational progress, with special reference to the negro, and includes such topics as: Public facilities for negro education; industrial education; agricultural and rural education; secondary education for negroes; college and professional education; buildings and grounds; finances; history of negro education. Volume II comprises descriptions of the more than 700 schools visited by the bureau's agents, arranged by states and counties. It is believed that the specific facts given in connection with each of these schools will be of genuine assistance to the large number of individuals and organizations that contribute money for negro schools, making it possible to discriminate between worthy and unworthy schools.

In his report Dr. Jones says:

"No racial group in the United States offers so many problems of economic and social adjustment as the 10,000,000 negroes. Negroes form almost a third of the total population of the southern states. In Mississippi and South Carolina, they constitute over half the population; and in the 'black belt' counties, the proportion ranges from 50 to 90 per cent. The significance of such a concentration is difficult to explain to those not familiar with communities composed of people who differ widely not only in economic and educational status but also in ethnic type.

"In the 50 years since freedom was decreed, negro illiteracy has decreased from over 90 per cent to 30 per cent; nearly 1,000,000 colored men are now farmers of varying degrees of independence; a quarter of a million own their own farms and the total acreage of land owned by negroes aggregate 20,000,000 acres of fertile soil. These facts are indisputable evidence not only that the colored people are capable of progress but also that their white neighbors have looked with favor upon their struggles and in many instances have actually given substantial aid to their endeavors.

"As the negroes are the primary element that gives rise to the problem, so are they becoming more and more an important factor in its solution. Their contribution includes both an increasing financial support and an ever larger proportion of the teaching force. They contribute not only a goodly share of the taxes for their public schools, but also a considerable sum toward the private schools. Furthermore, the colored people give considerable sums to extend the terms of the public schools. It is probable that their total gifts aggregate $500,000 annually over and above their share of the public taxes.

"Next to the negroes, the group most concerned in this problem are the 20,500,000 white people of the south. No plan for the improvement of the colored group is well considered that does not contemplate the co-operation of the white group.

"Though the northern states are not so immediately concerned in the education of the negro race as the south or the negroes themselves, the northern point of view and northern philanthropy are just as essential to the proper solution of the vexed problem as the other two elements. Th total annual contribution of the north for the current expenses of the private schools aggregates $2,500,000. Of this fully a million and a half is given by the white churches for their denominational schools and another $1,000,000 is contributed by individual donors and churches for the maintenance of the independent institutions. Property valuation in the private institutions founded by northern gifts now amount to $24,000,000.'"

The conclusions drawn by the report are in brief as follows:

1. That there is a pressing need for increased public school facilities for negroes in the south.

2. That the aid of philanthropy should be continued with the present liberality until the south has attained to a better economic condition.

3. That all education should stress, first, the development of character, including the simple but fundamental virtues of cleanliness, order, perseverance, and the qualities essential to the home, and second, adaption to the needs of the pupils and the community.

4. That supervision of both public and private educational effects should be increased, so that all agencies may be correlated with each other, sound business methods establihsed, organization of work suited to income and plant, and building operations conducted with economy and good taste.

The Real Thing.

"They own a limousine."

"That's nothing. I know people who eat potatoes twice every day."—Detroit Free Press.

Diferent Kinds of Rain.

Farmer Hayrick—Mighty wet rain, hain't it, squire?

Squire Grouch—Ever hear of rain that wasn't wet, you idiot?

Farmer Hayrick—Yes, I did. Accordin' to Scripture, it once rained fire and brimstone, by gosh!—Exchange.

NO CARDS OR CIGARETTES FOR COMFORT KITS

Christian Endeavor So Decides with Regard to Bags It Furnishes Soldiers.

Winona Lake, Ind., July 7.—The two greatest camp comforts which a soldier knows, cigarettes and playing cards, will be notable by their absence from the comfort bags to be prepared by Christian Endeavor societies. Trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, which plans to enlist 1,000,000 people in some form of patriotic service, so ordained yesterday. Rev. Francis E. Clark, founder of the society, was re-elected president. Others elected include Daniel A. Poling, associate president; Rev. Howard B. Grosse, vice-president; A. J. Shartle, treasurer. Karl Lehmann was re-elected southern states secretary and assigned to 12 southern states.

COAL ENOUGH.

Official Figures for Six Months Reassuring to Coal Users.

Not only food but fuel is a vital need of this country and of our allies—coal to run the ships and railroads, to feed the iron furnaces and furnish steam for all the manufacturing plants, coal in greater quantities than have ever before been mined in the United States or in any part of the world—and this need is being met in truly American fashion by the operators and owners of the mines and by the diggers of coal. With these words, Secretary Franklin K. Lane began his statement regarding the coal situation as reported to him by the statisticians of his department.

The production of coal in the United States last year, he continued, was the greatest in the history of the country. A new record, however, was set for the first six months of this year, fully 270,000,000 tons of bituminous coal being produced since Jan. 1, thus exceeding the output of the first six months of last year by about 20,000,000 tons. Even better news is that the limit has not yet been reached, for as the railroads are able to work out to better advantage the problem of car supply and give to the mines greater facilities for transporting their product to market, the supply of coal that reaches the consumer will be in steadily increasing quantities. In the early months of 1917, because of the congestion of the railroads and the difficulties of transportation, the production of bituminous coal fell behind the high mark set in January and February, a year ago. As a result of the patriotic and earnest endeavor of the railroad officials and the coal operators and representatives of mine workers who have volunteered their services to the federal government in this emergency, production has been speeded up within the last few months and the output of soft coal which in May exceeded all previous records, was surpassed in June.

Despite the extra demand in this country and the urgent needs of our allies, no one with the facts before him can doubt that the coal industry, under the careful guidance of those now directing its welfare, will be able to supply all needs.

The difficulty of distribution now so great will be intensified, however, in the coming winter months. Just as consumers of foodstuffs are being urged to eliminate all waste and to practice sensible economy, so the consumers of coal must do their share in working out the coal problem by unloading every coal car as fast as it is received, and in improving their plants so as to utilize to the fullest the heat value of the coal that reaches their bins. In stopping the coal panic and in expediting a condition of fuel sufficiency, every consumer can do his bit.

STOP SUSPECT AT NAVY YARD.

Had Pass Issued to Discharged Employee, Turned Over to Justice.

Boston, July 7.—A man whose identity is not disclosed was arrested at Boston navy yard yesterday after he had entered the grounds on a forged pass. Because of his failure to give a satisfactory explanation of his presence, he was detained pending an investigation by agents of the department of justice.

THE WAR HITS NEUTRALS HARD

U-Boats Keep Sinking the Vessels of Scandinavians

SWEDEN'S FEAR OF UNITED STATES

Denmark Takes Census of Available Foodstuff—Can Feed Itself

London, July 7.—The neutral nations are coming to the front in matters pertaining to the war. Denmark, Sweden and Holland are greatly exercised over the prospect of an embargo of exports from the United States to prevent supplies reaching the central powers through these countries. Denmark and Sweden are further embarrassed by the continued destruction of their shipping wherever met, by German U-boats. In Mexico a strong pro-entente feeling is being aroused, and latest news from there indicates that Mexico even may go into the war on the side of the allies, to Mexico's great advantage. Argentina is reported to have sent another note to Germany demanding immediate apology and indemnity for the sinking of the Oriana and the Toro recently. Argentina had been, to say the least, over patient. Now there is some prospect that the repeated ruthless acts of Germany will nullify the strong sentiment in Argentina that has prevented, up to this time, severance of relations with Germany. In Holland the situation is desperate also. Holland has been sending food to England, France, Germany and Belgium, but especially to Germany. There is little doubt but that thousands of tons of foodstuffs have reached Germany from the United States by way of Holland. Food demonstrations, with rioting and bloodshed, have prevailed in Amsterdam the last few days. Cars loaded with potatoes arriving in that city now are being guarded by soldiers. In Sweden there is great concern over the prospect that America may shut off all supplies. Crops in Sweden are likely to be below the average. Many factories need raw materials. Rubber is so scarce that an automobile tire is worth $500. Benzine and petroleum are nearly exhausted. Thousands of people are idle; a hard winter looms ahead. The president of Sweden's war trade commission denies strenuously that the foods or raw material imported from the United States have been reaching the central powers. Denmark, which, admittedly, has sent large quantities of foodstuffs, especially tons of fats, to Germany throughout the war, has taken account of stock and finds that it can feed itself if it makes no further exports, even if no foods are imported.

PREPARING FOR LUMBERMEN.

Henry S. Graves of U. S. Forest Service Went to France Early.

Announcement of the arrival of Henry S. Graves, chief of the U. S. forest service, in Paris has led the department of agriculture to explain that Mr. Graves has gone abroad to make arrangements for the forest work which the American army engineers will undertake in France in connection with the military operations of the allied forces.

Because of the opportunity for service by this country in woods work incidental to the war which the request of the British government for the sending of a forest regiment was believed to present, Mr. Graves has been granted leave of absence from his position as head of the forest service and has received a commission as major in the reserve engineer corps.

He has not been assigned to any command, but is acting under instructions, it is stated, to proceed to France in order to learn on the ground in advance just what conditions will need to be met, what equipment will be called for, and how extensively the services of American lumbermen can be utilized to advantage. Meanwhile the recruiting of the regiment which has already been asked for is being pushed by the forest service and is said to be advancing rapidly.

One of the staff officers of the regiment, Capt. Barrington Moore, is with Mr. Graves for the purpose of arranging for its prompt assumption of the specific duties to which it will be assigned when it is landed in France. While organized on military lines, the work of the regiment will be industrial, not combatant. It will operate in the woods behind the armies, getting out timbers, ties, and lumber required for military purposes.

JULY CORN PRICE FIXED.

Chicago Board of Trade Removes Corn from Speculation.

Chicago, July 7.—July corn is the latest grain future to be removed from the realm of speculation. It was under a maximum price of $1.65 a bushel yesterday as a result of action by the Chicago Board of Trade.

The drastic order, it was said, was caused by competition of distillers to corner the visible supply of corn in the belief the government will prohibit its use except for food after July 15, war conditions and shortage of freight cars.

July corn sold Thursday at $1.62⅞, within one-eighth of a cent of the highest figure on the crop, made June 14, when trading in May corn was stopped by official action. Cash corn sold at $1.79 to $1.82, the highest figure ever known.

NEVER "TO OLD AT 40" IN THE FRENCH ARMY

Men of That Age Are Playing an Important Part in Repelling the Invader —Men From Brittany Serve as an Example.

French front, July 7 (Correspondence).—When heroism is concerned there is no question of being "too old at 40" in the French army. This has been demonstrated time and again among the veteran regiments of the territorial army of France—the second reserve, the youngest of whose men when they were called to the colors in August, 1914, had attained the age of 34, while the remainder ranged between that age and 41. Many of them, especially among the younger classes, have since been transferred at their own request into the ranks of the active army, thus making the average age of these regiments much higher, while three years has been added to the age of all the men since they first put on their uniforms at their country's call to arms.

These territorial regiments, like their older comrades of the territorial army reserve—the third line—were not at the beginning of hostilities expected to go into the firing line with the younger soldiers of the active army and its first reserve. Since that time many things have changed and they have fought shoulder to shoulder with their more youthful comrades and have proved themselves still to possess sterling value as warriors.

The record of one of these regiments, entirely composed of men from Brittany, will serve to demonstrate how great is the part these soldiers of mature age have taken in the task of repelling the invader, in spite of the natural supposition that they had passed the period of enthusiasm for deeds of valor.

This regiment was mobilized together with the rest of the French forces on Aug. 2, 1914. When the troops of the active army left to meet the invading Germans crossing neutral Belgium, this Breton territorial regiment was sent from its depots at Rennes and Saint-Malo to organize, garrison and possibly defend one of the sections of the entrenched camp encircling Paris. Four months it spent there digging trenches, fixing barbed wire entanglements, erecting gun emplacements and doing all the arduous labor connected with the establishment of strong military works.

When the Germans had been driven back in the battle of the Marne, they were placed in charge of a front line sector to the northeast of Rheims. Here they stayed for 28 months, constantly harassed by the enemy while they dug a great system of trenches both of defense and communication, built blockhouses and concrete machine gun positions, excavated rifle and grenade pits and generally organized the position.

The greatest test of the soldierly qualities of these tough old warriors came when they were transferred to Auberive in March this year. They were attached to the famous fighting Foreign Legion and their duty was to do the pick and spade work and keep the legionaries supplied with ammunition and food during the French offensive which began on April 17, and at the same time to hold a line of trenches. When the legion went forward on its victorious attack the Breton territorials were ordered to follow them up and extend the communication trenches and tracks across the conquered territory. They were not content with simply doing this very perilous work always under fire. They also took part by the side of the legionaries in the capture of Auberive, and a section of territorial grenadiers played a glorious role in the reduction of the small field fort of Vaudesincourt.

Meeting a couple of these Bretons coming back with a batch of German prisoners, a French staff officer inquired of them where they had taken the captives and where they were going and received only a broad smile in reply. He was astonished at this apparent lack of discipline and was about to remonstrate when a German prisoner stepped forward and said: "Excuse me, sir, but these men do not speak French. They are Bretons." He gave the officer the information asked for and the convoy marched on.

This is not at all surprising, for although all Frenchmen learn French in school, the Bretons soon lose the habit of speaking it, as they at all times speak their Celtic tongue among themselves. This is a close approach to Welsh and has no relation whatever to French.

Their gallant deeds at Auberive brought the old territorials mention in dispatches along with the Foreign Legion, while many of the officers and men were decorated on the field of battle, including one of the majors, who, although 62 years old, has kept command of his battalion ever since war was declared and has undergone with his men all the fatigues and hardships inseparable from fighting in the front line.

A word must also be said for the officers and men of the territorial army reserve. These men when called up in 1914 ranged in age from 41 to 48, and they have been engaged ever since in the trying work of organizing the roadways behind the immediate line of battle and even sometimes of constructing communication trenches and tracks under heavy fire as their younger comrades advanced. The Associated Press correspondent has seen them at work at all parts of the line, and can vouch for the fact that they never flinch from any task set them. They ply their picks and spades under heavy shrapnel without a murmur and without hope of gaining distinction or decoration. Their only thought is that they are helping their comrades to free France of the barbarous invader.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Keeping healthy is a part of doing "your bit"?

Universal public health service is the duty of the nation?

Much valuable food material is diverted in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages?

The only good fly is the dead one?

Good health is the foundation of personal usefulness either in peace or in war?

He who is too busy to care for his health may have to take time to cure disease?

Warned?

By RICHARD MARKLEY

I started from New York with my ship, the Evelyn Colby, for Liverpool with a miscellaneous cargo on the 30th of January, 1917. The Colby was a small steamer of 2,000 tons and a slow sailer. I had no wireless apparatus. Indeed, I didn't think I needed one. I had been used to jogging across oceans for many years without communicating with any other ship or the land and saw no reason to change my habits.

There had been a good deal of submarine work done in certain locations, but that had fallen off very considerably. Indeed, I took no thought for submarines, for they had been doing no damage on the route on which I proposed to sail. So after leaving New York I settled down to my usual sea life, which has always been most to my taste.

I took a southern passage, which caused me to steer not far north of east for the greater part of my voyage. Being somewhat out of the line of vessels between the United States and England, I met only three or four ships going over, and they were so far away that I did not speak to any of them. Had one come nearer or had I possessed a wireless apparatus I should have learned what would have put a very different complexion on my voyage. Instead of taking things easy I should have been in a condition of excruciating apprehension.

I should have learned that the German government had laid down a zone of the ocean about the British isles into which if any ship sailed she would be sent to the bottom by a submarine. All that was necessary was that the submarine and the ship should come within striking distance. Already a large number of vessels had braved the danger, and many had been sunk.

Years ago I took with me a young sailor, who remained with me as long as he lived. Mark Stanford was his name. He was the most reliable man in an emergency I ever knew. Once when the yards were covered with ice and our safety depended on some one going up to take in a sail I called for a volunteer to do the job. Mark Stanford alone stepped to the front. There were nine chances in ten that the pitching and rolling of the vessel would shake him off into the brine. But he did the work and got down safely.

From that time forward he was a privileged character aboard my ship. He didn't think that he had done anything very wonderful and couldn't understand why I was so grateful to him. The consequence of it all was that he formed a very sincere attachment for me. I lost him in a storm. He was on the forecastle lowering a jib when we shipped an enormous sea. It took poor Mark overboard, and it was impossible to save him.

One night on this trip I have been telling about from New York to Liverpool I woke up very suddenly, conscious of some appalling danger.

Now, I'm not going to say whether I did wake up or was dreaming or suffering from nightmare. What I'm going to tell you is that I saw Mark Stanford standing in my cabin. He had the same paleness on him as when I saw him in the water passing astern the day he was carried overboard.

"Put her off to the east'ard, captain," he said.

I jumped out of my berth and reached for my clothes, and when I looked again for Mark he wasn't there. I sat for a moment on the edge of my berth wondering. Mark was dead. I had seen him in the water and I knew that in such a storm he couldn't be got out of the water. Moreover, if he had been saved I felt sure that he would have surely rejoined me. Nevertheless he had appeared in my cabin and given me what I felt sure was a warning. The feeling that we were in grave danger held with me, and the warning I had received remained uppermost in my mind, obscuring everything else.

Stopping only to put on my trousers, I ran on deck and, taking the wheel out of the steersman's hands, put the ship off to the eastward. The man looked at me, wondering what had got into me. And I couldn't explain. If I told him that a dead man had appeared in my cabin and given me a warning I would have been considered as having lost my mind and unfit for command. I told him that he could go below and I would take his place for the rest of the watch.

I kept on the changed course for a couple of hours, when I resumed the old one. By this time day had dawned, and I was hailed by a trawler that ran close alongside and asked me if I had seen any signs of a submarine. I said I hadn't, whereupon he told me that I had had a lucky escape, for there had been one not far from the course I was on when I veered to the east. Then I learned for the first time that I had entered a prohibited war zone, on which all ships were liable to be torpedoed by a submarine.

From this point I was given instructions as to the safe course to take, and until we made port I never left the deck.

As to whether Mark Stanford came back from the dead to warn me that I was sailing over a course on which lurked a submarine, I leave that to the reader. Some, who do believe in such returns, may think that I received a supernatural visitation. Others will believe I dreamed it all. The latter will probably explain the presence of the submarine as a coincidence.

His Decision.

"I have been in your train a long time now."

"I can't marry you," said the girl.

"All right. Here's where I change cars then."—Kansas City Journal.

What Started the Jar.

Wife—I wonder how you can look me in the face. Husband—Oh, a man can get used to anything.—Exchange.

THE TORPEDO SPEAKS.

Tells Its Own Story of Its Doings In War and Peace.

Well, well, well! I am surprised! With all the notoriety that I have gained and the destruction that I have caused that nobody would tell you what I am made of and what I am capable of doing!

I am twenty-one feet in length and twenty-one inches in diameter, and ordinarily I am assembled in three parts known as the tail and afterbody, the flask and the head. My tail contains the machinery which turns the propellers that force me through the water; the flask carries my fuel in the form of compressed air that sends me on my mission of destruction—and when I start, woe unto them who may be in my path, for I am the most dreaded weapon that ever sailed the seven seas.

I cost $9,000 and can run for 10,000 yards before my energy is used up, traveling that distance at the rate of about fifty feet per second. I am a monster made of forged nickel steel and weigh 2,000 pounds and have turbine engines, which are capable of making 1,760 revolutions per minute. In my head I carry a high explosive called guncotton, which explodes upon contact.

In times of peace, when I am practiced with, the guncotton is taken out of my head and water is substituted to compensate for its weight. When I have been fired in practice and have made my run and expended all my energy I have lost sufficient weight to float to the surface until I am picked up, recharged and refired.—A. Freed, Gunner's Mate, U. S. N., in Washington Star.

THEY FEAST ON SNAKES.

A Queer People With Queer Tastes Are the Philippine Pygmies.

High up on the slopes of Mount Mariveles, in the Philippine Islands, dwell the last remnants of an ancient and most mysterious race, the Negritos, or "little negroes." Scientists differ hopelessly as to their origin and history, but the traveler who is fortunate enough to penetrate into their carefully hidden villages finds the quaint little people extremely interesting.

Though disinclined to work, the Negrito is indefatigable in the chase. He will hunt all day without eating anything but the mango or banana that he seizes as he rushes by. If dogs are scarce for any reason women are pressed into service, and these go loping through the brush, yelping in imitation of the canines.

Sometimes a beater will emerge from the brush carrying a pig he has encountered and killed or, more important still, bringing news of the sighting of a python. In this case the whole hunt is called in and its energies directed to the capture of the big snake, which when killed is carried in triumphal procession to the village, where it furnishes a feast.—World Wide Magazine.

When Hubby Fooled Her.

Mrs. Scatterbrain was constantly bemoaning her lot. Her husband, who was entitled to place half the letters of the alphabet after his name, had the most treacherous memory in the world. He could remember nothing his wife told him, in spite of bits of string around his finger and knots in his handkerchief. Only once did Mr. Scatterbrain remember to do his wife's bidding.

Said a friend to Mrs. Scatterbrain:

"I think you are getting as bad as your hubby. I got a note from you yesterday dated a whole week ahead."

"Heavens!" gasped Mrs. Scatterbrain, trembling with the shock. "My husband must have posted it the very day I gave it to him!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Cold Rice.

Cold rice should never be thrown away—even the smallest quantity can be used. It can be added to any soup. A good omelet can be made from a mixture of minced meat and rice added to the eggs. It can be used in a dessert in the form of a plain rice pudding or a rice custard. Left over meat can be chopped and mixed with cold rice, then moistened with gravy and put in a baking dish. Cover with breadcrumbs and bake.

Beyond Repair.

"What happened to you down the road?"

"I ruined a tire on a nonrefillable bottle."

"One of those bottles with a patent stopper?"

"No; just the ordinary kind, broken into about fifty pieces."—Birmingham Age-Herald.